National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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"BEFORE THE WAR."

What the Regular Army Found to Do 30 Years Ago.

A THOUSAND-MILE MARCH

Bloody Little Battles With the Hostile Indians.

A CHIVALROUS INDIAN.

Interesting Recollections of a Young Lieutenant of Infantry.

BY W. P. CARLIN, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, COLONEL 4TH U. S. INF.

I.

Before stating some of my personal recollections of the great civil war, or war of the rebellion, I will refer briefly to events that occurred and men that I met a few years prior to the great conflict.

In the Spring of 1855 it was my duty, under orders from proper authority, to proceed from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., by steamboat, with the company to which I belonged, and to march thence to Fort Laramie, a distance of about 630 miles. Kansas and Nebraska were then Territories, and a bitter conflict was in progress between the Pro-Slavery and Free-State parties in Kansas. That was long before railroads had been begun west of the Missouri River. There was not a settlement of any kind west of Fort Leavenworth on the road then traversed by emigrants to Utah, California and Oregon, except, perhaps, a house or two at the crossing of Big Blue River, known afterwards as Marysville, and perhaps two cabins within 30 miles of Leavenworth. Before breaking up camp at Fort Leavenworth

THE CHOLERA BROKE OUT

and raged fearfully in our little command of two companies and a detachment of recruits. Men would fall sick and die before we would reach the camp for the day. Dead and dying were, from necessity, hauled in the same wagon. This fatality continued only for two days after leaving Leavenworth, or till we had marched about 30 miles out on the road towards Fort Laramie, when it ceased altogether. I remember an English recruit—a very young man—was riding the pony of an officer, when a sharp scream was heard, and on looking to the rear, Thorpe, the recruit, was falling from the pony. The impress of death was on his face. He was placed in an ambulance, and in less than half an hour was dead.

FIRST SIGHT OF BUFFALO.

On reaching the Little Blue, about 150 miles northwest from Leavenworth, we first found buffalo—something that all officers and men were eager to see. A party was made up by Capt. I. B. S. Todd and three or four others, including the writer. The buffalo were plainly visible from camp, just across the Little Blue, on the hills. They seemed very near us. I estimated that they were about a mile from camp, and that we could ride over to them and kill all we wanted and return to camp in two hours at the furthest. We started, but, for some reason I could not then understand, we did not seem to get nearer the buffalo than we were at camp. In fact, the farther we traveled, the further off seemed the game; and on we rode till the sun had gone below the horizon before we fell in with the herd. And such a herd! Never before or since have I seen so enormous a herd of animals of any kind. The earth was black with them, and seemed like an ocean rising and falling in black waves, whichever way we gazed. We were all very unskillful in that kind of hunting; besides, we were in a hurry to get a few animals and return to camp. We were probably 10 miles at that moment from the camp we had left at 4 o'clock p. m. About nine buffalo were claimed as the fruit of the hunt; but we did not take time to dress them, but set out on our return to camp. It was soon manifest that

WE WERE LOST.

The country was cut up by a labyrinth of ravines, with banks too steep to admit of crossing, except where the buffaloes had made a trail. But on we traveled by the light of the stars. Hostile Indians were believed to be in the vicinity, which circumstance formed a slight objection to our remaining away from our troops longer than was necessary. About 11 o'clock at night we came to a ravine of the kind described, with a stream of water far down between the banks. The buffalo had made a crossing here, and our leader thought we could do the same. He attempted it, but his horse failed to catch the opposite bank and fell, turning over entirely with feet up in the air. How Captain Todd missed being caught under his horse, or thrown into the water beneath him, I will not say, because my memory fails me on this point. But I do remember that the Captain's watch fell into the stream, but was recovered by fishing for it with his hands. It required much time and labor to get the horse on his feet again. Finally all the party crossed, and, after a council of war, it was decided to stay right here on the bank of that little stream till daylight, and we did. But a more uncomfortable night was never passed. Though Midsummer, the night air was cold. There was not a particle of bedding with the party. A sweat-saturated horse-blanket was my only bedding. It covered me, and the bare ground was my bed. It was a relief when daylight came. We had saddled our horses and set out again to find the Little Blue River and the great road leading to Forts Kearney and Laramie from Leavenworth.

About sunrise a party of mounted Indians were seen about a mile away from us to the west, and apparently watching us. We had no breakfast. On we rode, and finally about 11 o'clock a. m. struck the Little Blue again and the road near it on the east bank. We found the camp-ground of the day before, but the troops had left it and gone on towards their destination.

TIRED OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

How tired we were of buffalo hunting! On we rode for about 20 miles further, to the camp of that day. It was now past noon, about 2 o'clock p. m., as well as I remember. We had eaten nothing since dinner on the previous afternoon. It did not make us feel the less uncomfortable that our commanding officer, Maj. Albemarle Cady, was by no means cordial in his reception of the party. I went to make my apologies for my long absence without authority, but he coolly told me that he had settled the matter with the senior of the hunting party, Capt. Todd, and that he did not hold me responsible. I thought that youth and inexperience saved me from a severe reprimand on that occasion. But Maj. Cady was the most amiable and kind of men, and I know it hurt him to reprimand any one.

On we went, making our 20 miles a day on an average, till we arrived at Fort Laramie.

FIGHTING THE SIOUX.

During that Summer the Sioux expedition was fitted out at Fort Leavenworth under Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney. The troops at Forts Kearney and Laramie were subject to the orders of Gen. Harney, and constituted part of the Sioux expedition. Ash Hollow is a wide and deep canyon near the Platte River on the old emigrant road passing up the Platte via Fort Laramie. It was across the Platte from Ash Hollow that Little Thunder's band of Sioux Indians was encamped in August, 1855, when Gen. Harney was moving his command to Fort Laramie. The Indians did not seem to expect an attack, or to fear one, and made no demonstration against the troops. It was notorious, however, that the Sioux had been on the war-path since the previous year, when they had killed Lieut. Grattan, 6th Inf., and about 30 men, who constituted his command. Lieut. Grattan had been detached from Fort Laramie by Lieut. H. B. Fleming, the commanding officer, with orders to arrest an Indian who had been accused by a Mormon emigrant of killing a lame cow that he, the emigrant, had been compelled to abandon. Lieut. Grattan marched to the camp where 3,000 or more Sioux were encamped and proceeded to execute his instructions literally, without reference to the enormous odds against him. The Indians didn't like to give up the man to the Lieutenant on a peremptory demand. Grattan insisted. The Indians became angry and prepared to surround Grattan's detachment. He attempted to seize an old building as a fortification; but he was overpowered and killed, as well as all his party, except one who succeeded in returning to Fort Laramie mortally wounded. He was not able to give an intelligent account of anything that occurred, in consequence of his sufferings and delirious condition. Harney was sent out with his troops to

PUNISH THE SIOUX

for this massacre. But when he arrived at Ash Hollow and saw Little Thunder's camp before him, he did not at first feel called on to attack the Indians. Such, at least, was the current report of that day. It was his idea that he ought to parley with Little Thunder and have an understanding of his status towards the Government and the white people. There were, however, two officers under his command, one of whom was on his staff, who combatted this idea with all their force and energy. Maj. Winship, Paymaster, was one of them. Capt. Henry Heth, 10th Inf., was the other. The report of that day was that Harney was persuaded by Winship and Heth, against his own inclinations and judgment, to attack the camp. It was done. Many women and children were killed and wounded. Doubtless some warriors were killed also. Spotted Tail—since so famous—was in the fight. He was the son of Little Thunder. There was very little said about this affair outside of military circles, and there were many officers of the expedition who did not approve of the attack. But that there were hostile Sioux in all that region I do know. For at Fort Laramie during that Summer, before the arrival of Gen. Harney, a party of Minneconjoes early one morning came near the fort and stampeded the entire herd of mules belonging to the Post Quartermaster, and successfully drove them off. It was my lot to go in pursuit of them alone for two or three miles, when I was joined by Lieut. J. C. Kelton, 6th Inf., now Gen. Kelton of the Adjutant-General's Department. Kelton and I, with only a revolver each, followed those Indians and the captured herd 15 miles, when they (the Indians) stopped us. They had taken possession of a narrow pass between a small mountain and deep precipice, and

OPENED FIRE ON US.

We stopped a few minutes till Maj. Edward Johnson, 6th Inf., and a soldier joined us. We then started on, the Indians abandoned the pass and we took it; but the mules were now out of sight. We remained near that point till Capt. L. P. Graham, in command of a troop of the old 2d Dragoons, arrived. We turned over the pursuit to Capt. Graham and returned to Fort Laramie for breakfast, which we got about 6 p. m. on that day. I believe it was in August, 1855. I had started out in the morning before breakfast, by order of Maj. Wm. Hoffman, 6th Inf., Post Commander.

This was the first occasion on which I was ever under fire. Kelton and I stood in a broad trail on our horses, while the Indians, 75 yards in front, were deliberately firing at us with rifles, we having only revolvers. I was surprised at what seemed to me very poor marksmanship on the part of the Indians. I think, however, they were very nervous and excited at the time, and did not, therefore, fire as accurately as when shooting at game.

It was soon after this affair that a small force (one company of infantry and 30 men additional, with a little mountain howitzer, the latter detachment under my command) was ordered to proceed in charge of a wagon train to Fort Pierre, on the Missouri River, 325 miles northeast from Fort Laramie. Fort Pierre had for many years previously been an Indian trading post, and had but recently been purchased from the American Fur Company by the War Department. It had just been garrisoned by a few companies of the 2d Inf., and was a part of Harney's command. It was his destination for the Winter of 1855-'6. The wagon train which Capt. C. S. Lovell's command was to escort to Fort Pierre was for the use of Harney's expedition. The march was made in September and October, 1855, through the very heart of the Sioux country, and yet we marched to Fort Pierre and back to Fort Laramie without seeing an Indian. Our route lay across the famous "Mauvais Terres," or Bad Lands. It was interesting to me, as I was eager to see new regions, notwithstanding the general monotony of the scenery everywere between the Missouri and the mountains. At Fort Pierre I first met

CAPT. NATHANIEL LYON,

2d Inf. (aftewards Gen. Lyon), whom I have ever regarded as the best and bravest soldier and one of the brightest men intellectually that I have ever known. He died too early in the great war for the good of his country and for his own reputation. If he had lived he would have won fame second to none,—in my opinion far above all men who figured in the great conflict.

I saw Lyon once after this visit to Fort Pierre. It was in St. Louis. He and Lieut. Charles Griffin, of the artillery, (afterwards Gen. Griffin,) were together. They invited me to take a walk with them on Fourth street. We walked from the Planter's House down to the court-house. An auction of slaves was in progress at the time. A gentleman of well-known name had failed in business, and his slaves had to go to the auction block. Among them was an old woman, the mother of the family sold, about 60 years old. She was bid off for $50. This was the first and last

SALE OF HUMAN BEINGS

I had ever witnessed. I had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Wendell Phillips's speeches and Wm. Lloyd Garrison's harangues, but had never fully realized the true character of the institution of slavery till I witnessed the public sale of this family. Lyon and Griffin I found were both interested in the question, both strong anti-slavery men, and both really believed that a great conflict was soon to come, and were both fully convinced that the disunionists would be defeated in the end. Both of these brave men lived to see their convictions verified as to the conflict, but Lyon was too daring to live to the end of it. He died at Wilson's Creek, leading a regiment, when he was the commander of an army.

A HARD WINTER.

The Winter of 1855-'6 was a hard one at Fort Laramie. There were more than 20 young officers who had been compelled to pass the Winter there, away from their proper commands, in consequence of heavy snows which had interrupted all travel. We had no mails after November till the following Spring. There was no amusement, except such as cards afforded. It is probable that many young men took their first lessons in draw poker during that Winter. In those days the slavery question dominated all others in the arena of politics. Officers were discussing the question with each other, and the question of disunion was often referred to. I do not remember hearing any officer, even of Southern birth, advocate secession or disunion. At the same time hardly one ever admitted the possibility of a Republican President being elected. But I remember one circumstance that occurred that Winter that showed how deeply some leading Southern statesmen were interesting themselves at that time in the question of war and of the part that army officers would take in it.

It was common rumor that a certain officer of Southern birth had questioned his most intimate associates on the subject, and endeavored to ascertain which side they would espouse in the event of an attempted dissolution of the Union. This officer subsequently became a prominent Confederate General and was already a reputed favorite of Jefferson Davis.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE MONEY.

I remember only one reply made to the inquirer by a Northern-born officer. It was in effect that he would go with the North, as it was certain that the North would *pay* best; that they had all the wealth of the country and would use it for the protection of their interests and their cause.

This was doubtless a selfish view to take of the matter, but it was then only a speculative question, and no one should be held responsible literally for his utterances, which may have been a jesting way of postponing the decision. When the time did come the officer referred to remained true to the Union cause. It was understood at the time that certain prominent Southern leaders were thus early sounding officers of the army on the part they would take in the civil war.

That was but a short time before the Presidential campaign in which Buchanan and Fremont were the candidates of the Democratic and Republican parties respectively. If Fremont had succeeded in the contest it is reasonable to believe that the secession movement and the war to suppress it would have begun four years earlier than it did.

The year 1856 passed quietly enough at Fort Laramie. Guarding a saw-mill at Laramie Peak and the bridge over North Platte River, 126 miles northwest from Fort Laramie, and marching to and from those points are the only events I now recall. It was April 18, 1857, when a mail reached us giving reliable news of the election of Buchanan on the 4th of November, 1856.

In 1857 the War Department seemed to be unable to decide

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ARMY.

The 6th Inf. was first ordered to Oregon, overland, and the writer, then Quartermaster at Fort Laramie, was ordered to proceed to St. Louis to procure means of transportation to the Pacific Coast for the troops at Fort Laramie. Those were perilous times for small parties on the road between Laramie and Kearney. But the trip was made quickly and safely with a small escort in wagons.

But before reaching St. Louis I learned that the order directing us to go to Oregon had been countermanded, and, instead, an expedition against the Cheyenne Indians had been ordered by the War Department, and that Col. E. V. Sumner, 1st Cav., was to command it. Some of the troops at Fort Laramie were to join Sumner's column, which was to march out from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Laramie, and to move thence southward into the Cheyenne country.

WANTED SERVICE.

Being eager to engage in an active campaign, I gave up a leave of absence for eight months in order to accompany Col. Sumner's expedition. Sumner had arrived at Laramie early in June with six companies of cavalry. Three companies of the 6th Inf. joined him at Laramie. Capt. W. S. Ketchum, commanding the infantry battalion; Capt. R. W. Foote, 6th Inf., and the undersigned commanded the other two companies. The expedition set out in June for the southward, and proceeded by the most practicable route to a point where Denver now stands, or opposite the mouth of Cherry Creek, on the South Platte. To this point baggage wagons had hauled all our equipage and supplies. But here Sumner determined to send all wagons back to Fort Laramie, and to use only pack mules for the remainder of the campaign. My individual share of the pack train was one small mule, which had to carry all my provisions, clothing, bedding, and tent. It was not much of a load then, for all the above mentioned supplies and equipage were very scanty indeed.

After much difficulty and the drowning of several men we succeeded in crossing the South Platte, some by wading, some in corrugated iron wagon boxes rigged as ferry boats. The cavalry rode over with difficulty, as the water was high. I remember

A NEAT LITTLE LESSON IN SOLDIERSHIP

given by Sumner on the banks of the South Platte. Lieut. Lomax, 1st Cav., had charge of a party of men engaged in stretching a rope across the river for a ferry cable. Taking his men to the bank of the river he gave the order:

"Go in, men."

Sumner overheard him, and called out—

"Never say *go* in, Mr. Lomax, but *come* in."

Lomax understood the point, and went into the water first.

Well, for many weary days we followed old trails in a southeastward direction from where Denver now stands. Our provisions became exhausted, except that we had a herd of cattle along. They had become very thin. Finally, on the 29th of July, I believe it was, the scouts (Pawnee Indians or Delawares) informed Col. Sumner that we were near the hostile Cheyennes. Sumner became impatient to get at them. He directed Ketchum to move on at leisure with his infantry battalion, while he would trot out with his cavalry and try to overtake the Indians before they could escape. In a short time, on distant hills about four miles ahead, we could see a great commotion. It seemed to be caused by Indian travois drawn by ponies, women on ponies and on foot, children on travois, ponies, and on foot,—all struggling and rushing to get away from the coming cavalry. But the warriors were not with this caravan. They had stayed behind.

[To be continued.]

He Appreciates The Tribune.

TO THE EDITOR: THE TRIBUNE is the boss paper—not for soldiers alone, but the "Rural Topics" are better than those published in the so-called agricultural papers. The news columns, too, are excellent and give reliable information from all parts of the world.—J. H. OSBORN, Co. G, 55th Ohio, Hopkins, Mo.

A Friend to The National Tribune.

TO THE EDITOR: I sent you 12 subscribers last year. Will do what I can for you this year. While THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is what it is, and I am the man I now am, you can count on me as its earnest friend.—JOHN W. CORNISH, Bayard, Iowa.

BESIDE THE BARS.

[By Margaret Sangster.]

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm;
Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
Or the hint of frost in the Autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl
And one a man in the pride of youth—
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
He says full low o'er the golden head,
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow,
Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And little you dream how fond a prayer
Goes up to God through His silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
For the two who linger beside the bars.

BECAUSE OF YOU, MY WIFE.

Fairer the world seems, darling,
Than it ever did before;
Brighter the blushing morning
That enters the eastern door.
Softer the hues of sunset,
Tenderer heaven's clear blue,
Grander the songs of ocean,
And all because of you!

Because of you, my loved one,
Of you, my gentle dove,
Who brought to my life such blessings,
Who brought to my heart such love;
Who showed me how dark the way was
I had traveled all alone,
E'er my destiny's star had risen
And over my pathway shone.

You came to me in the Springtime,
With the robin's early trill,
And your sweet voice joined the chorus
While my listening heart seemed still.
And since that rosy morning,
When fair buds drank the dew,
I have lived in Eden's bowers,
And all because of you!

Because of you, my dear one,
Who are sitting by my side,
Who makes my world of beauty
In a world that is so wide!
Who makes me so well contented
With my cheerful heart to-day,
Where in Winters past forever
I could see but ashes gray.

—*Anonymous.*

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

REBEL SUCCESSES.

Lee and Davis Plan the Pennsylvania Campaign.

NORTHERN COPPERHEADS

Confederate Hope of Succor from Europe.

BY "CARLETON."

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LVII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

We come to May, 1863. The war has been going on two years. During this period the Army of the Potomac has been defeated at Bull Run; on the Peninsula; again at Bull Run; at Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. Williamsburg, South Mountain, and Antietam are the only victories it can inscribe upon its banners. The soldiers are chagrined, mortified, and angered over the mismanagement at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, but have lost none of their loyalty to the old flag. The army is opposite Fredericksburg. The troops are diminishing, not only by sickness, but by the return home of regiments whose terms of enlistment have expired. Several thousand veterans, who have been in all the battles, are mustered out. What shall be done? Gen. Hooker has no plan. Gen. Halleck, in Washington, has no plan. They will wait.

CONFEDERATE PLANS.

Going down to Gen. Lee's army we see the soldiers exultant over the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. They have a right to swing their caps and hurrah over those signal defeats of the Union army. They have the feeling that the army commanded by Lee is invincible; that they can win a victory anywhere and against any odds. Longstreet's troops arrive from Suffolk. New recruits arrive, swelling the army to 90,000. It is in splendid condition. Never has the spirit of the Confederate troops been so high.

GENERAL SITUATION.

Let us take a look at the men upon the chessboard of the Nation. Going west, we see a Confederate army under Gen. Pemberton at Vicksburg, and a Union army under Gen. Grant closing around it. We shall see Gen. Jos. E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss., with a few thousand Confederate troops, trying to harrass Gen. Grant.

Going up to Tennessee we see Gen. Bragg with a large Confederate army at Tullahoma, and Rosecrans in front of him. Neither General has done anything since the battle of Stone's River.

If we had been in the office of Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, in Richmond, the first week in May, we should have seen Gen. Longstreet talking with the Secretary.

"I have a plan," said Mr. Seddon, "for sending your troops west to Mississippi to join Johnston and attack Grant, who is laying siege to Vicksburg. What do you think of it?

"I think that there is a better way to relieve Pemberton by bringing the troops under Johnston to Tullahoma and to hurry forward two of my divisions. With these troops Bragg can crush Rosecrans; then he can march through Tennessee and Kentucky and threaten the invasion of Ohio. He will have no opposition and will find provisions everywhere. The result will be the withdrawal of Grant from Vicksburg to head off Bragg."

Gen. Longstreet goes on to Fredericksburg and talks the matter over with Gen. Lee.

"To take away your corps will divide my army," said Gen. Lee.

No commander likes to have his troops taken away from him.

LEE'S PLAN.

It is human nature for us to desire to wield all possible power. Gen. Lee was thinking of a plan. He knew that Hooker's army was growing smaller—that regiments were leaving, and that others were not taking their places. It was hardly to be expected that Hooker, after the defeat of Chancellorsville, would make any movement. What should be done? A victorious army, after a great victory, cannot sit down and do nothing without loss of prestige. If Lee could drive Hooker back to Falmouth, what could he not do with 40,000 additional troops?

"Why not invade Pennsylvania?" Gen. Lee asked.

"Such a movement," said Longstreet, "can be successful if made offensive in strategy, but defensive in tactics."

By that he intended to say that if Lee should select his line of march and the country he intended to occupy, but when it came to a battle select his ground and wait to be attacked, he would be successful. "The movement," he added, "into Pennsylvania will make a great stir in the North, and Hooker will be compelled to attack you on your chosen ground. You remember Napoleon's advice to Marmont—'Select your ground and make your enemy attack you.' At Fredericksburg we held Burnside with a few thousand men, crippling and demoralizing his army, while we lost very few. At Chancellorsville we attacked and Hooker was on the defensive. We dislodged him, but at such a terrible sacrifice that half a dozen such victories would have ruined us."

There were many reasons why Gen. Lee should make a movement somewhere, and especially why he should invade Pennsylvania.

THE NORTHERN PEACE PARTY.

From the beginning there had been a large party in the Northern States opposed to the war. They were mainly men who wanted Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President, and some who voted for John Bell, of Tennessee,—Democrats and Whigs, who professed great regard for the Constitution, but who hated the negro. They sided with the South. Many of them were so hostile that a soldier in Virginia, speaking of them, said that they were as venomous as a copperhead snake, whose bite is death. So it came about that Northern men who opposed the war, who were cast down over the victories of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Antietam, and Stone's River, but who rejoiced over the disasters at Bull Run, on the Peninsula, at Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, were called Copperheads by the soldiers.

They called themselves Peace Democrats, and did what they could to aid the South. The War Democrats were still ready to fight for the preservation of the Union, but they opposed the proclamation of President Lincoln giving freedom to the slaves. The Peace Democrats of Pennsylvania said in Convention: "The party of fanaticism—or crime, whichever it may be called—that seeks to turn loose the slaves of the Southern States to overrun the North, and to enter into competition with the white laboring masses, thus degrading their manhood by placing them on an equality with negroes, is insulting to our race and meets our most emphatic and unqualified condemnation. This is a Government of white men, and was established exclusively for the white race."

In the election Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana and Illinois—President Lincoln's own State—were all carried by the Democrats. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* gave great offense. There were so many disloyal men in Ohio and Indiana that Gen. Burnside, who had been sent to Cincinnati to take command there, published an order threatening the arrest of men who should give aid and comfort to the enemy.

On May 5, when Hooker was being driven from Chancellorsville, he (Burnside) sent soldiers to Dayton, who arrested Clement L. Vallandigham, the Democratic candidate for Governor. He was tried by a military court. Gen. Burnside paid no attention to the writ of *habeas corpus*, which was issued by a Judge of one of the courts. The civil power was placed beneath the military. Bayonet, instead of civil law, ruled. Vallandigham was declared guilty of expressing his sympathies in favor of the enemy. He had been very bitter against the President and the continuance of the war. He was put in prison, but President Lincoln had him taken from prison and sent South to the Confederates. He did not stay there long, but went to Canada, and was soon back in Ohio, more bitter than ever.

THE DRAFT.

When the war began more men volunteered than were called for, but the wave of patriotism had spent its force; no volunteers came to fill up the ranks, and Congress ordered a draft. It was to go into effect July 1. Men who swung their hats and hurrahed for the Union at the outset did not like to think that they might be drafted. There was great discontent in consequence. Gen. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and the Confederate Government knew it, and determined to take advantage of it. They would strike a blow where it would be felt at a moment when the tide of events were all against President Lincoln and the Union Army.

LOOKING TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

From the beginning of the war the Confederate Government had been looking eagerly across the Atlantic to the countries of Europe for sympathy and help, and had received it—arms, ammunition and supplies of all kinds;—had been recognized as belligerents. But that was not enough; they must be recognized as a nation; they had defeated great armies, won brilliant victories; if now they could invade Pennsylvania and defeat the Northern Army in its own territory, their friends in England would compel Lord John Russell, Prime Minister, and the Queen to recognize the Confederacy as a nation. France was only waiting for England to act.

If they could defeat the Union army in Pennsylvania, then they could take possession of Baltimore and redeem Maryland; then Washington would be theirs, and they would fling out the Stars and Bars above the dome of the Capitol, and the Confederacy, and not the Union, would everywhere be hailed as the rising power of the Western World. The recognition of the Confederacy by Great Britain would irritate the North, already angered by the course pursued by that country; war would follow, and then the iron-clad war ships of England's great navy would scatter the fleets blockading Wilmington and Savannah and the Chesapeake like chaff before the wind, and carry desolation to New York and Boston. The troops of Great Britain were already in Canada; Confederate agents were at work in Montreal and Toronto, and opposite Detroit, or Niagara Falls. Once bring about a war between England and the United States, and the independence of the South was certain.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

We must go over to France and down to Mexico, to comprehend the meaning and greatness of the outcome of the campaign which Gen. Lee and Jefferson Davis were planning, for it will reach even to the end of time. No historian, as it seems to me, has yet comprehended the vastness (if I may use the word) of the results.

I have said that France was ready to recognize the Confederacy as a nation, and this is the place to see why she was, in advance of England, not only ready but eager to do so.

Just before the secession of the Southern States there was no end of trouble in Mexico—civil war, revolution succeeding revolution. During a long period of years the priests of the Church had obtained a vast amount of property. More than half of the productive land of the country was held by the Church in *mortmain*, which means dead hand. That is, men who had died, through the influence of the priests, had bequeathed their property to the Church, that their souls might rest in peace in the next world. The property thus held was estimated to be worth $300,000,000, and the revenue each year at $20,000,000—double that of the whole State. In the city of Mexico the Church owned more than 2,000 houses. The burdens became so great that the people could not endure them, and a large portion of the property was seized by the State, which, of course, gave great offense to the bishops and priests.

In 1857 the bishops and priests annulled the Constitution and elected Gen. Zuloaga President, while the people elected Juarez Constitutional President. Zuoloaga was succeeded by Miramon, who was sustained by the bishops. He paid no respect to law. He shot men in cold blood and seized their property. In 1860 he broke into the house of the British Legation and seized $660,000. There was a Swiss banker in the city of Mexico by the name of Jecker, who let him have $750,000, and who received in return bonds promising to pay to the amount of $15,000,000. Miramon was defeated in battle by Juarez, who became President of the whole country, and who confiscated still more property held by the bishops.

The bishops determined to recover what they had lost. We see Bishop Munquia and Bishop Labastida hastening to Spain, France, and Rome, to lay the matter before the Pope and to interest Spain and France in their behalf. The banker Jecker finds that he never can get $15,000,000 from President Juarez, who is willing to repay the $750,000 which has been advanced and the interest, but he will not pay the $15,000,000, for which nothing has been received by anybody. Jecker consults with the bishops, and a deep laid scheme is divised.

England has already sent her war ships and Sir Charles Wyke to demand the $660,000 seized by Miramon. France and Spain join in demanding reparation for robberies committed by Miramon. They enter into an agreement on the last day of October, 1861, to send troops to Vera Cruz,—not to conquer Mexico, but to recover damages.

Louis Napoleon is Emperor of France and Eugenie Empress, who is very devout, and is touched by the story which the bishops tell of the spoliation of the Church. It is said that she received letters from the Pope which greatly enlisted her sympathies. Louis Napoleon quite likely would not have lifted his finger to aid the bishops in getting back what had been taken from them; but he saw an opportunity, as he thought, to extend his power and add to the greatness of his fame. Mexico was a great country—several times larger than France. England had an Empire in the East; why should not France have one in the West? It was a rich country, with mines of gold and silver and far-reaching plateaus of fertile land. Why not improve the opportunity to take possession of it? There was only one obstacle—the United States. James Monroe, when President, said in a message: "We should consider any attempt on the part of European Powers to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

That is known to the world as the Monroe doctrine. The people of the United States had indorsed it, and any attempt of European Powers to interfere in affairs on this side the Atlantic would be resented by the United States. But the United States in 1861 was divided. The Southern States had set up a Government of their own. If the United States did not conquer, republican government—the people governing themselves—would be a failure.

The downfall of the Great Republic of the Western World would be a new lease of life to Kings and Emperors. It was a propitious time for France to extend her power and greatness.

The banker Jecker has divided his 15,000,000 bonds with men high in influence with Louis Napoleon, who urge him on. The Empress, with the bishops behind her, beseeches him to interfere in behalf of the Church. There are troops from England, France and Spain at Vera Cruz.

We come to April 16, 1862. The French Commissioners issue a proclamation against President Juarez, and Gen. Lorencez, with 5,000 men, marches towards the City of Mexico. He reaches Pueblo, but is confronted and defeated by the Mexicans. The news goes across the Atlantic. England and Spain discover what Louis Napoleon intends to do and withdraw their troops. But Louis Napoleon has laid his plans. On July 3, 1862, while the Army of the Potomac is at Harrison's Landing, after the repulse from Richmond, the Emperor writes a letter of instruction to Gen. Farry. This is what he says: "It is for our interest that the Republic of the United States may be powerful and prosperous, but by no means that she should take all the Gulf of Mexico, and hence command the West Indies as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World."

It is not difficult to understand the meaning of the Emperor of France—that he wished to cripple the power of the United States. To accomplish it he was going to make the Archduke of Austria, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and establish his throne by the bayonets of France.

A great fleet of ocean steamships, with 45,000 men on board, sailed from France. In January the troops were at Vera Cruz, and we see them entering the City of Mexico and taking possession of the Government in May, 1863.

Going over to Paris, we see John Slidell, of Louisiana, Confederate agent, urging the Emperor to recognize the Confederacy. In London John M. Mason is using every means to induce Lord John Russell, Prime Minister, to do the same. Will not such recognition be eagerly granted by France if Gen. Lee invades Pennsylvania and wins a great battle? We know that Jefferson Davis and the leaders of the Confederate Government had high expectations of what France was doing in Mexico. It was a movement hostile to the United States—antagonistic to the Monroe doctrine—which, sooner or later, would end in war between the United States and France. So powerful were the influences at work upon England—her need for cotton, its high price, the need of the South for goods of every description, the interests of the great manufacturing and commercial interests of Great Britain—that if the South were victorious in the invasion of the North, public opinion in England would compel the Government to recognize the Confederacy as a nation.

Far-reaching and momentous will be the outcome of what Gen. Lee is planning. It will be the continuance or downfall of the Republic, involving the liberties and the progress of the human race.

[To be continued.]